

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

## And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

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### Review of New Books.

*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of William Hayley, Esq., the Friend and Biographer of Cowper, written by himself. With Extracts from his private Correspondence and unpublished Poetry. And Memoirs of his Son, Thomas Alphonso Hayley, the young Sculptor.* Edited by JOHN JOHNSON, L.D.D. Rector of Yaxham with Welborne, in Norfolk. 2 vols. 4to. pp. 999. London, 1823.

ONE thousand quarto pages, save one,—devoted to the life of Mr. Hayley, whose chief claim to notice is expressed in the title—‘the friend and biographer of Cowper’, and to ‘Thomas Alphonso Hayley, the young sculptor,’ of whom, the world would never have thought or heard, but for the parental fondness or vanity of the father,—actually startle us, accustomed as we are, to see subjects spread over large volumes, which might have been comprised in an octavo sheet, and whole poems of several thousand lines, without a single original idea from beginning to end. In the present instance, we look in vain at the literary and personal character of Mr. Hayley for any thing that can justify even the expectation, that the public will go to the expense of two bulky though elegant quartos, for his memoirs.

It may, perhaps, be urged on behalf of the editor, Dr. Johnson, that as Mr. Hayley was his own biographer, he took the work as he found it, and did not think himself justified in reducing its bulk. As to the publisher, perhaps, a still better apology may be made; since it appears, that in consequence of an agreement made by him with Mr. Hayley, that his auto-biography should be delivered for the press on the author's decease, a very considerable annuity was secured to him during the last twelve years of his life—an agreement, the terms of which were honorably kept by the publisher.

We cannot, however, but consider the vanity of that man as inordinate as his avarice, (we give it no harsher name) who could deliberately sit down and

write two quarto volumes about himself, for the mere purpose of raising money upon them;—money, too, which he must have felt some doubts of his publisher ever realizing, unless, indeed, he was more sanguine than any author we have ever met with.

But what are really the claims of Mr. Hayley's memoirs to such a niche in the biographical library? We do not see what right he has to rank high among the individuals of his day, and the editor of his memoirs does not claim this distinction for him: for, with all the partialities of friendship, he is compelled to admit, that, although his writings are distinguished by ease and gracefulness, they are yet, occasionally, characterized by feebleness of diction. That, in his personal character, he did not, like the good Berkeley, ‘possess every virtue under heaven,’ is certain.

We confess, we are, generally speaking, partial to auto-biography, when kept within due bounds, and written with becoming modesty. The life, too, even of a literary man, who mingles much with the eminent of his day, can scarcely fail of being interesting, unless it turns too much on self and too little on his times and contemporaries. In the introductory paragraph, Mr. Hayley, who writes in the third person, tells us, ‘though ever devoted to retirement himself, he has so much intercourse with many of the most remarkable characters of his time, that a fair and full account of him must, inevitably, be a work of considerable extent and diversity. The idea of it led to a division of it into books and chapters, each book terminating with some remarkable event; the first, for example, with the entrance of the young poet into that university, to whose tribute of public gratulation on the birth of the prince of Wales, he contributed an English ode, before he began his first residence in college.’ Now, really, there is nothing remarkable in this—hundreds of young men go to college every year, a period of interest to themselves, but a matter of no moment to all the rest of the world; then, as to having his ode printed in the

Cambridge Collection, what is there in that? Who does not know that there is more good poetry written out of college than in it? And it is, really, no very proud distinction, nor proof of extraordinary talent, to appear in the Cambridge Collection. The first book closed with the remarkable event, that Mr. Hayley went to college—the second book concludes—with his leaving it!

In our observations on the vanity of Mr. Hayley, we must not be understood as considering these volumes as destitute of interest, for they combine, with his own personal history, some good notices of his contemporaries. Of the ‘poet,’ or the ‘hermit,’ for thus he always speaks of himself—his life passed so tranquilly, that there is scarcely an incident in it to distinguish it from that of the mere student and man of letters, and there are few classes of persons whose lives are more monotonous: nor do the letters between the ‘Poet’ and ‘his Eliza,’ which are scattered in thick profusion, relieve it; for the epistles between a man and his wife, like all other family concerns, naturally possess but a very limited interest, and can seldom be considered of any value out of the family.

If we find little in the auto-biography of Hayley to notice, we find still less in the continuation of the editor, whose labours consist in merely inserting some hundred pages of letters, from the author to himself, without any connection, either with the memoir or with each other, and with scarcely a single remark. These letters certainly show Mr. Hayley in an amiable light, and acquaint us with what we learnt in the title-page, that he was the friend of Cowper, but, surely, it was not necessary to make us wade through some fifty or sixty letters for this purpose. One or two of these letters we shall give, premising that Mr. Hayley generally addressed the editor by the name of Johnny:—

‘Dear writer of invisible and inaudible prefaces!’

‘Your very good friend Lady Hesketh, being perfectly convinced that you must be dead and buried, has expressly requested me to write your epitaph, which I have done in manner and form following:—



## ON JOHNNY OF NORFOLK.

'Here Johnny lies; who, gentlest of good men,  
Fell, horror-struck, in fear of ———'s pen:  
Fearing his pencil too, in shadowy strife,  
His ghost jumped back again to fleshly life:

"Heaven let not *him*," affrighted Johnny said,  
"Write of me, living! or pourtray me, dead!"\*

'Hoping your benevolent spirit will approve this sincere tribute of regret and affection. I am, my dear Johnny,

Whether you are in the flesh, or out of  
the flesh, ever your affectionate

HERMIT.

'The kind indefatigable Blake salutes you cordially, and begs a little fresh news from the spiritual world.

'P.S. The dear little tree† arrived safe, is well planted, and appears flourishing; if you can persuade the bird of paradise to waft your kind spirit thither, you may both perch upon it and heartily welcome. *Adio!*'

The next letter relates almost exclusively to his friend Cowper:—

'My dear Brother in affliction,—I requested our kind sympathetic friend Rose to thank you for your affectionate mournful remembrance of the afflicted Hermit, and to give you some account of me, when I was hardly able to give any account of myself. Since the *second* of this long, but now expiring month, the *second fatal Friday!* (when my dear angel departed, as our beloved Cowper had departed on the preceding Friday) I have existed in that feverish agitation of recent anguish in the heart, which you will easily conceive; and by too great an exertion, in attending my young friend Meyer to Kew, and occasionally to London, after his endearing attention to the funeral of the angelic youth, whose loss we can never cease to feel, I have rather increased the feverish tendency in my old shattered frame, and seem to myself in a sort of middle state, between life and death. I am now trying, by quiet and solitary meditation, to nurse myself into a firmer tone of mind and body, that if it should prove my destiny to remain a few years longer in this vale of tears, I may not be utterly an idle heavy piece of lumber on the earth.

'You, I hope, my dear Johnny, will feel yourself impelled by the more active promising season of your life, and by your affectionate zeal for the honour of our dear

•• The editor supposes these curious lines must have adverted to a reluctance, expressed by him, to write a preface to the octavo edition of Cowper's *Homer*, lest he should provoke some painful criticism on his very inexperienced and insufficient pen. But more than twenty years having elapsed between his first receipt of the letter and his re-perusal of it on the present occasion, he can only class himself with the reader in expounding the riddle. Should the reader class himself with him, in thinking the letter not unworthy of insertion, as a fair specimen of the occasional playfulness of the author's style, the riddle contained in it will be sufficiently solved.'

† A chesnut, raised by the editor, from a nut he gathered in the chesnut-walk of the grounds of Weston-Underwood, described in "The Task," in the autumn of the year in which Cowper died.'

departed bard, to cherish his memory, as you have nobly cherished his declining health; and I hope to see you distinguish yourself, as you ought to do, in the character of his biographer.

'The life of every poet, as amiable as Cowper, (if, indeed, there ever existed, or ever may exist, another poet so perfectly amiable,) should be written by an intimate friend, completely sensible of his virtues, and enamoured of his genius. You have every advantage for the successful accomplishment of so soothing a task; and if you modestly suppose, that you may want any kind of literary assistance, you know you may freely command two very zealous and sincere friends in Rose and the Hermit. Has the former sent you a little inscription for the engraved portrait of Cowper, which he requested me to write, and which, to oblige him, I wrote extempore, though with a head and heart full of pain, in my recent visit to him? As the multiplicity of his avocations may not have left him leisure enough to copy for you this trifle, it shall find a place on this paper; so here it is for you; and if you have it already, you will forgive the repetition:—

## ON THE PORTRAIT OF COWPER.

"Behold the bard, who captivates all hearts,  
In humour's frolic, or in fancy's flight!  
To all, whom verse can touch, his verse imparts  
Sweet relaxation or sublime delight."

'And now, my dear Johnny, let me scold you for cruelly withholding from me all those particulars concerning the grave of our dear bard, which, by your mysterious intimations concerning them, would prove highly soothing to my heart and fancy. You kindly meant, perhaps, to draw me by these mysterious intimations to visit the interesting spot; and in some propitious season I shall hope to attain that mournful gratification. In the mean time, have the charity to tell me every thing that relates to the friend, whom I loved so tenderly, whose memory is hardly less dear to me, than that of my angelic child, the most mild and magnanimous of martyrs!

'Ah, my dear Johnny! what have we both lost in those two departed spirits! and what an inestimable treasure do we still possess in the recollection of their admirable endowments! *Adieu!* Write soon, and continue to love

Your affectionate afflicted

HERMIT.'

Here we close the 'Life of Hayley,' and, although his friends and admirers may bear with so heavy a tax on their patience and pockets, yet we cannot but condemn it as injudicious and uncalled for. Were authors generally to turn their own biographers, and send their Memoirs to the world in so expensive a form as those of Hayley, a private fortune would be exhausted in lives of our contemporaries; but there is, happily, a corrective in public opinion, which regulates the supply according to the demand.

*Life of William Davison, Secretary of State and Privy Counsellor to Queen Elizabeth.* By NICHOLAS HARRIS NICOLAS, Esq. of the Inner Temple. 8vo. pp. 355. London, 1823.

'OUT damned spot' ought to have been the epigraph to this volume, the object of which is to heap on the head of Queen Elizabeth, already too heavily loaded, the share of her accomplices in that regal murder, the death of Mary Queen of Scots. The guilt or innocence of the queen forms no part of the discussion, nor are Davison's sentiments on the necessity of her destruction either approved or defended; 'all which is claimed for him on this point,' by the author, 'is, that he was guided by the most conscientious feelings, and that the opinions he expressed were dictated by his anxiety for Elizabeth's personal safety, his zeal for the Protestant religion, and his devotion to the welfare of his country.' This, we think, is claiming a great deal for the cold calculating statesman, who became the tool of a jealous, and, in this instance at least, a tyrannical queen, in an act of deliberate murder. What state-crime was ever without the stale plea of necessity and security? And had the question of the guilt or innocence of Mary been discussed by our author, as it avowedly is not, he would have found that neither the personal safety of Elizabeth, nor the Protestant religion, nor the welfare of the country, was in the slightest degree endangered by this murdered queen. Mr. Nicolas admits that Davison was Mary's political enemy, but, he says, it was a mistaken patriotism induced him to advise the queen to execute the sentence passed on her.

Of Davison's origin, birth, early life, or advancement, nothing is known, but the simple fact, that he became secretary of state to the queen. He is generally believed to have been a Scotchman, a circumstance which certainly offers no extenuation of his conduct to Mary, his queen and country-woman. The researches of Mr. Nicolas have recovered from the MSS. of the British Museum several curious documents relating to Davison's political but nothing concerning his personal history; and it is on these that the author rests his defence, or rather apology, for Davison's conduct. It is these documents which will render even the life of this worthless minion a valuable contribution towards the history of the period, and as such it deserves a place in every good library. Mr. Nicolas has displayed great industry and ingenuity on his work; all



that man could do he has done; but to exculpate Davison appeared and still appears to us impossible. Even Davison himself, though no reluctant instrument of the crime, seems to have felt its enormity to be so great, as to wish to lay the whole odium on the queen, contrary to the principle on which Brooke, in his 'Gustavus Vasa,' we believe, says of the sovereign:—

'Has he virtues?—They are his own;  
His vices are his ministers.'

The anxiety on the part of Davison to avoid responsibility, which is manifested in two important documents Mr. Nicolas gives from the Cottonian MSS., was but a piece of Scotch prudence; for the wily minister not only knew that the son of Mary was successor to the English throne, but that he was also (contrary to the generally-received opinion) a stern opposer of this deed of blood. This fact, and it is worth all Mr. Nicolas's labour, he has very satisfactorily established, by the king's letters to Archibald Douglas and to Queen Elizabeth, printed in this volume. It was the same prudence on the part of Davison, that, when he had conveyed the wishes of the queen to Paulet and Druy, that they should assassinate Mary, made him so anxious that his letters should be committed to the fire, 'because,' says he, 'they are not fit to be kept.' We may, however, on this point allow, what the author urges, that Davison 'was, perhaps, anxious that no memorial should exist of her wish to commit an act which, he felt, would tarnish all the glory she might acquire.' That Davison disapproved of the measure of assassinating Mary is evident; and Mr. Nicolas seems to think that the letters which Davison wrote to Paulet, and which he wished to be burnt, were private dissuasions against the assassination of Mary.

But if we do not think Davison innocent, we are far from considering him as the only one of Elizabeth's counselors inculpated in Mary's death; though the whole of the odium was thrown upon him during his life, even by the queen, to whom he was at least a faithful servant; and her imprisonment of him in the Tower and the heavy fines she imposed on him, was but one act of injustice to screen a greater. How long Davison remained in the Tower is not known, but it is supposed to have been two or three years. He afterwards retired to his house at Stepney, where he lived in poverty, and died on the 21st or 22d of December, 1608. The registry of Stepney Church contains,

amongst the burials, the following entry:—

'December, 1608, William Davison, of Stepney, Esquire, some tyme secretary to Queen Elizabeth, xxiiij day.'

#### DR. CLARKE'S TRAVELS.

(Continued from p. 356.)

WITHOUT pretending to give even an analysis of a work, every page of which would supply a good extract, we shall select a few passages, which to us appear striking, assuring the reader, however, that he will find the whole volume studded with others equally interesting. In the single chamber of a student, at Upsala, Dr. Clarke saw some plants, preserved by the great Linnæus himself, and other curiosities:—

'But the most singular rarity of his apartment was an old wheel-lock musket, which stood in one corner of the room, and which, he told us, one of his ancestors had formerly brought into Sweden, from Pomerania. It was probably a part of the spoils of war: and as it seemed to us to be one of the most extraordinary works of art existing, and he wished to part with it, we bought it of him for the price at which he valued it. Once it must have cost an enormous sum; being in all respects fitted not merely to adorn, but to cut a splendid figure among the weapons of a regal armoury. To give a complete account of this curious relique, would require an entire volume, illustrated with an hundred plates. The whole of the stock, from the lower extremity of the butt to the muzzle of the barrel, is of ivory, inlaid with ebony; representing, in a series of masterly designs, the Bible History, from the creation to the time of David. The style of these designs is like that which may be often observed in old illuminated manuscripts, and in the wood-cuts copied from such illuminations; which seem as if they had been all borrowed from the works of the same master\*. In the representation, for example, of the creation of mankind, the Deity is portrayed in the dress of the pope, handing Eve out of Adam's side: yet there are parts of the workmanship equal to the performances of Albert Durer, and which exhibit characteristic marks of the age in which he lived.'

From Upsala, Dr. Clarke proceeded to Stockholm, just after the birth of the

\* 'Beginning from the muzzle of the musket, and proceeding from left to right towards the butt, and back again, the whole length of the opposite side of the stock, there are nearly one hundred pictures exhibited by means of exquisitely inlaid ivory. The first delineation represents the animal creation; then follows the creation and fall of man; the expulsion of the human race from Paradise; their agricultural labours; the death of Abel; the history of Noah; the deluge, &c. &c.—the whole being considered, in all probability, as a connected series of powerful amulets, calculated to protect the bearer of this musket from all dangers, "ghostly and bodily."'

young prince, son of the Ex-King of Sweden, and while the city was somewhat agitated by a slight disturbance, which certainly arose from a very ridiculous circumstance:—

'Upon the day appointed for the celebration of the birth of his Majesty Gustavus the Fourth, the shopkeepers of Stockholm had given a dinner to the French consul. Among other ceremonies at this *fête*, two busts had been prepared, and publicly exhibited; the one of Bonaparte, and the other of Field-Marshal General Suwarof. The company drank bumpers of wine to the health of Bonaparte, but filled their glasses with water when Suwarof's health was proposed, and discharged their contents in the face of his bust. At this the king had been so much displeased, as already to show the most marked resentment towards some of the offenders.'

The Swedes are hospitable, and feel quite offended if their guests do not even gorge at their table:—

'When Englishmen are invited to dine with the inhabitants, it is a constant practice to prepare a quantity of what is called roast beef for their reception at table: and the opinion which all foreigners have, that we cannot dine without a copious allowance of animal food, especially of beef, is very diverting. The host gathers consequence to himself in having provided this kind of diet, and, smiling at his guests, calls out, in an emphatical tone, "rosbif!" (for so it is generally written and pronounced) as the mangled heap of flesh which bears this name is handed round; not having the smallest resemblance to any thing so called in England, but consisting of lumps of meat piled upon a dish, tough, stringy, and covered with grease. Of this, if you do not eat heartily, offence is sure to be given. In fact, if an Englishman wish to render himself agreeable to the Swedish gentry, he ought to prepare himself by fasting for at least two entire days before he visits them. If he do not devour every thing that they set before him, and with a degree of voraciousness proportioned to their good wishes for his making a hearty meal, he will never give satisfaction.'

Of Gustavus the Fourth, our author relates some amiable anecdotes.—In Stockholm, there is a public garden, which is called Vauxhall, though little resembling our fairy spot, whence its name has been borrowed.—The watchmen, in the Swedish capital, present a grotesque appearance:—

'Their dress consists entirely of the skins of animals; and they walk in pairs, carrying in their hands a curious instrument for seizing culprits who may endeavour to make their escape from them. It is so contrived, as to shut fast about the neck, being applied below the back part of the head; and becoming tighter, the more a person struggles to get free. When once, therefore, this instrument is fixed, the prisoner is sure to remain quiet, through fear of being choked: afterwards, it opens with a spring. Perhaps



this portable trap, or thief-collar, might be made useful in our own country, to aid the apprehension of midnight robbers by the police of our metropolis: and we are quite sure, that it is more wanted in London than in Stockholm, where all the watchmen have to do, is, to carry about their rattle-spikes, with these instruments, calling the hour in the same dismal ditty which is heard all over Sweden—

\* Klockan är tie slagen!—

Fran eld, och brand,

Och fienden's hand,

Bevara, O Gud! den stad och land!—

Klockan är tie slagen!

\* The author finds this preserved in the MS. journal of his friend, Dr. Fiott Lee. It is thus, when literally translated:—

\* The clock has struck ten!—

From fire and burning (*fire brand*),

And from the enemies' hand,

Save, O God! this town and land!—

The clock has struck ten!

Executions are not frequent in Sweden; but Dr. Clarke chanced to be in Stockholm when two men suffered, for forging the paper money, in a forest, about three miles from that city:—

\* The lower part of the gibbet was surrounded by a circular wall, concealing the executioners from view, and leaving only the top of the gallows visible. About nine o'clock in the morning, the two culprits were conducted from their prison to this place. The rocks and hills around were covered with spectators, and the throng in the road was so great, that carriages could not approach. The two malefactors, after being allowed to halt (as is usual in such cases) at a small cabaret, to drink a glass of wine, were brought to the outside of the circular wall at the foot of the gibbet. Two ropes appeared above this wall, hanging from the beam. At the door which opened into the interior area, the secretary of the police read to the two criminals the sentence which had been pronounced against them; after which they were ushered in. About five minutes had elapsed, after their entrance, when the ropes began to be in motion. The executioner, at the same time, made his appearance, having ascended a ladder placed against the beam of the gibbet. Immediately one of the criminals was drawn up by a rope fastened round his waist, and exposed to view, with his hands bound behind him, his eyes covered, and his head and legs hanging down. A short rope was fastened to his neck, with a loop, which the executioner attached to an iron hook in the beam; and then, letting go the rope by which he had been drawn up, and placing his foot upon the criminal's head, his neck was instantly broken. The other malefactor suffered in the same way.

The custom of giving the criminal a glass, in his way to the place of execution, formerly prevailed in this country as it now does in Sweden; and there is a proverb of the saddler of Bawtry being hung, for leaving his cup unfinished, as a reprieve arrived just too late, which

would not have been the case, had he remained to take the wonted cup. In the arsenal, at Stockholm, are the hat and clothes worn by Charles XII., when he was shot in the trenches, before Frederickshall. Dr. Clarke asserts, very confidently, that this king was assassinated, and, indeed, his reasons for such an opinion are pretty conclusive.

Dr. Clarke gives an interesting view of the literature of Sweden, which, in the higher walks, does not claim much pre-eminence.—In proceeding from Stockholm to Aland, our author narrowly escaped shipwreck.—Of the domestic economy of the inhabitants, Dr. Clarke gives a curious account, in his description of the post-house of Vardo, where he arrived about day-break, in winter. He says,—

\* A more curious sight could hardly be imagined. At our entrance, nobody was up. The members of the family held a conversation with our boatmen, but we saw none of them. The floor of the only room they had, and of which we had taken possession, was covered with straw and sedge, according to the custom of the country at Christmas, and once a practice, even in king's houses, in England. Peeping from behind their hiding-places, as soon as they perceived that strangers had entered this apartment, they were all stirring: and presently there fell out from every side of the room the naked figures of men, women, boys, and girls, who had been piled in tiers one above another, as in a ship's cabin; being concealed from view by so many sheepskins, which were suspended as curtains before their cots. This motley groupe, amounting in all to thirteen persons, without a rag to cover them, squatted themselves upon the floor in the middle of the chamber, and began altogether the business of their brief toilette. The women put on two pairs of woollen hose, and over these a pair of greasy boots. The toilette being ended, they all, with one accord, began to blow their noses into the palms of their hands, and to wipe them upon their clothes. Then the men kindled their tobacco-pipes; and a universal hawking and spitting commenced. Nor were the women unoccupied; for a large fire being lighted, the females of the family quietly took up their petticoats, and sate before it, very leisurely gartering their stockings. This being done, a girl now handed round their breakfast: it consisted of, first, a dram to each person, served in a small silver cup; secondly, a portion of black biscuit, with about two ounces of fresh butter. At this meal they sate, without ceremony or order, each where and with whom he pleased, chatting and laughing in groupes, apparently contented and happy. It was rather new, to see mothers with children at their breasts disengage their tender infants from the nipple, to pour down their little throats a portion of the dram which came to the mother's share; but still more remarkable

to see these young dram-drinkers lick their lips, roll their eyes about, and stretch out their puny hands, as craving more: showing how accustomed they were to this beverage.

In 'a circuitous journey on the sea to Kumlinge,' our author encountered a violent tempest of wind and snow, in which he observed the sudden and striking effect of the snow mingling with the sea-water:—

\* The water became turbid, like milk turning to curd: pieces of ice soon made their appearance, and were heard rattling against the prow and sides of the vessel. The old exclamation of "*Gud bevara!*" once more gave its warning, that things were not quite as could be wished by our Swedish steersman: we saw evidently, that if we did not quickly reach Sattunga, we should be in the situation, already related, of the poor mariners in their return from Kumlinge. The change was so rapid, as the snow continued falling, that when we were drawing near to the Sattunga shore, we found ourselves sailing through immense moving slabs of ice; which were driven with such force against each other, that the noise of their striking together, all around us, was like the sound of a hundred drums beating: our boat was driven against them with a degree of violence, that made us apprehensive of her splitting. At about two miles distance, we descried a boat, already beginning to be set fast, and working its way as we had done before, in a part of the sea where these floating masses had already fixed themselves into a compact state. The water itself seemed full of snow; but this appearance always takes place whenever its particles are beginning to congeal. That the whole passage would speedily become frozen, was very evident; and this change actually took place in the course of the night. An open channel admitted us within two hundred and fifty yards of the island of Sattunga: and here the ice was strong enough to bear the weight of our boatmen, while they drew their vessel out of the water, and laid her up in a snug birth for the night. This birth, at any other time, would have been considered by me as an object of great curiosity: it was a beautiful cave of ice, hung with pendent icicles and spangling crystal gems,—the palace of the *scals*, and and temple of their amours: but, under the pressure of fatigue and cold and hunger, all its beauties could not detain me, even for an instant.

In the Aland isles, where the Swedish language exists in its most ancient and purest state, it so nearly resembles the English, that a servant of Dr. Clarke's, one of his countrymen, was able to understand and sometimes converse with the natives.—Indeed, one very essential word to a traveller, the verb to *eat*, is exactly the same in both languages, and has the same pronunciation. At Brando, our traveller saw an extraordinary sight:—



The church service had just ended: and at this season of the year the congregations are so numerous, that the only wonder is how so many people can be accommodated with a place for their devotions. Persons of all ages and sexes were coming from the sanctuary of this little island, and about to disperse to their distant homes. We met the clergyman, in the midst of his numerous congregation, habited in a peasant's dress, like the rest of his flock. Upwards of an hundred sledges, to which wild and beautiful horses were harnessed, were seen presently in motion; and they might be said, like so many vessels, to be literally "getting under weigh;" for they all took to the sea; where, being extended upon the ice in a long line of procession, they formed a most singular sight. If it had not been for the swiftness with which this vast retinue moved, it might have been compared to a caravan crossing the desert. To us the spectacle was particularly interesting; because it exhibited, in one view, the population of almost all the different islands around Brandö, the natives being all in their holiday attire. Their sledges, containing whole families, were drawn by those fleet and beautiful little Finland horses, of which mention has been already made, in a former part of this work. We overtook them upon the ice, in full gallop; the peasants who drew our sledges being as anxious as any of the party to fall into the train, which now reached nearly three English miles. They had all taken their whet of brandy, as usual, after divine service; and the coming of strangers among them, at this moment, adding to their hilarity, such racing commenced upon the frozen main, as reminded us of ancient representations of scenes in the Circus and Hippodrome. Here were seen female charioteers contesting speed against their male companions; sledges overturned; the young and old of both sexes tumbling out and sprawling upon the ice; horses breaking loose from their trappings, scampering off in all directions; other peasants, having gained the van, flying off as fast as their fiery snorting steeds could fly with them,—laughing, shouting, and bidding defiance to those behind.

(To be concluded in our next.)

*Peruvian Pamphlet; being an Exposition of the Administrative Labours of the Peruvian Government, from the time of its Formation till the 15th of July, 1822.* 8vo. pp. 99. London, 1823.

In those ticklish times, when revolutions and counter-revolutions are so frequent, one ought to catch political expositions the moment they drop from the press. We have not done so in the present instance, the consequence of which is, that the government, whose administrative labours are here so ably set forth in an official report, has been overturned, and Mr. Bernardo O'Higgins, the Supreme Director of the State of Chili,

has been dismissed. The principles of the revolution in Peru, have, however, been maintained, since it has been declared a representative republic, and, therefore, this pamphlet is still of importance, particularly as there is added to the Report an interesting memoir of General San Martin, the Protector of Peru,—whose talents, however, we think somewhat over-rated, as, indeed, are those of all the South American leaders; and, perhaps, no revolution ever occurred, that brought fewer clever men into action than that of South America. The Spanish General Morillo and his successor, Morales, are, so far as talents go, worth a hundred Bolivars, San Martins, and O'Higginses.

*Maria: or a Shandean Journey of a Young Lady, through Flanders and France, during the Summer of 1822.* By MY UNCLE ODDY. 12mo. pp. 156. London, 1823.

'MY UNCLE ODDY' is really a very entertaining travelling companion, who happily mingles amusing incidents and characteristic sketches with good feeling and refined sentiment. In one thing, however, he is not Shandean;—his journey is sentimental, but it is neither immoral nor indelicate,—indeed, how could it be so, when he had so lovely an attendant as Maria is described to be?

'My Uncle Oddy' is a great observer, and he justly remarks on the prevailing folly of our countrymen when abroad, who seem anxious to un-English themselves as much as possible. 'From the national diplomatist,' he says, 'on a mission of state, to the flippant friseur, in quest of a new ringlet—the instant they set foot on continental ground, they all put on a mask, and assume a character foreign to their natural and national one;—and could one meet the whole body corporate in one grand panoramic assembly, not even the great carnival of Venice or of Rome might vie with the fantastic group for deception and absurdity.'

Few persons who have either seen Englishmen abroad, or observed their manners on returning from a continental trip, though they may have been only to Paris and back in the steamboat and diligence, but will acknowledge that there is much truth in 'My Uncle Oddy's' description of them, as there is, indeed, in his general view of the character and manners of the persons with whom and the people among whom he travelled; and thus his little duodecimo contains as much information as many a bulky quarto.

*Rigid Scrutiny of the Validity of the Colombian Loan.* 8vo. pp. 80. London, 1822.

THIS is quite a money-lending age, and any sovereign, prince, empire, or state, may obtain it in England by offering a sufficient premium; and yet our borrowing friends have not always kept their faith. There is an old score standing against the Emperor of Austria, a trifle of some sixteen or seventeen millions, which that power seems in no hurry to liquidate. With the exception of this loan, those contracted for by European powers lately have been punctual and honourably paid. Of those embryo states, the South American republics, it would almost be premature to speak,—they have not yet been put to the test; and, perhaps, the feebleness of Spain may afford these states time to consolidate themselves; though, when we consider that it is now some dozen years since they revolted, and that the handful of Spaniards left in the colonies have still been able to hold some portion of the empire, and even to gain advantages over the Republicans, we cannot but think that a few thousand Spaniards, under such generals as they have had already in South America, would endanger the protectors, presidents, and supreme directors of the republics, all of which have raised loans in this country,—even M. Gregor, the self-elected Cazique of Poyais, a prince without subjects, has attempted to raise a loan, and would take it, we dare say, by instalments of a shilling or eighteen pence weekly.

The pamphlet now before us contains some sensible observations on the Colombian loan. Circumstances, however, have since transpired to deprive it of much of its interest, and even while we are writing, a messenger is supposed to be on his way to this country, with the fiat of the republic of Colombia, the government of which seems to feel some reluctance in ratifying the loan, but we think they will guarantee it, though in a qualified manner.

*Isabella, a Novel.* By the Author of 'Rhoda.' 3 vols. London, 1823.

THE popularity of 'Rhoda' led us to expect that 'Isabella' would be a good novel, and we are not disappointed. Simply considered as a novel, we have been perhaps, more pleased with the works of other authors, who aim only to excite the interest of the reader, without having any ulterior end in view; but this is not the case with the writer of 'Isabella.' The author professedly



endeavours not only to excite interest and admiration, but conviction of the truth of his sentiments, and thus not only to amuse the understanding, but reform the heart. Yet the votaries of folly or fashion need not be dismayed at this declaration, nor deterred from perusing the work, through a dread of encountering 'Methodism,' or puritanical affectation; they will, to a certainty, be amused, and should it unfortunately fail of making them either wiser or better, they will, at least, have had one opportunity in their lives of becoming both.

Isabella, the heroine of the piece, marries Mr. Willoughby, a man of fortune, good natured and agreeable, whose chief pleasure consisted in 'seeing his wife well dressed.' Lady Charlotte Stanton, Isabella's cousin, a woman of a most intriguing and malicious disposition, in a rage at her having carried off the rich and handsome Willoughby, marries a Mr. Dunstan, half clown, half fool, and from that moment vows deadly hatred to Isabella, whom she endeavours to supplant in Mr. W.'s affections, and she partly succeeds. Isabella discovers the circumstance with grief, and endeavours, by various means, to recover his love and confidence; she adopts the advice of Mrs. Nesbitt, a silly weak woman, and in consequence fails in her attempt. She becomes daily more wretched, and, as a last resource, flies for assistance to Lady Rachel Roper, Mr. Willoughby's aunt. She, unlike the unprincipled and thoughtless monitors to whom Isabella had before applied, answers her in the language of a christian; she tells her to set her affections on things above, and exhorts her to bear up with resignation, against the tide of affliction, which it appeared likely would fall upon her. This salutary advice, she acts up to, and though daily experiencing the most afflicting mortifications, she is supported by the consciousness of rectitude, both in purpose and conduct.

At length Mr. Willoughby disappears; the world supposes him to be gone off with Lady Charlotte, who disappears likewise, but it turns out, it was only to free himself from temporary embarrassment. Isabella forgives him, and is at length rewarded for her sufferings by his constant love and affection.

This is but a short outline of the story, but we hope it will prove an excitement to our readers to peruse the work. To every one we would recommend it; to the novel reader, as containing a fund of amusement; to the general reader as

possessing information; to those in prosperity, to shew them the instability of all earthly possessions and happiness; to those in adversity, as it will teach them how to bear up against misfortune; to the good, to strengthen them in their good resolutions; and to the depraved to make them sensible that even in this world, evil will not go unpunished.

*Remarks on the Opinions of Philosophers concerning the True Cause of the Rising of the Tides.* By CAPTAIN FORMAN, R. N. 8vo. pp. 62. London, 1823.

CAPT. FORMAN, with considerable ingenuity and some plausibility, attributes the rising of the tides to expansion in the particles of water. He does not, however, deny the influence of the moon, but, on the contrary, his theory supposes the moon's attraction, by taking off a portion of the gravity of every particle of water, causes these particles to expand upwards, in proportion to the weight that is taken off them. He quotes Mr. Perkins's ingenious discoveries on the compressibility of water, as corresponding with all the phenomena connected with the rising of the tides.

Without feeling entirely convinced of the correctness of Captain Forman's theory, we think he has made out a strong case, and that he has some reason to complain that the gauntlet he has thrown down has not been taken up.

*Willoughby, or Reformation. The Influence of Religious Principles.* By the Author of 'The Decision,' &c. 2 vols. 12mo. 1823.

It is a striking proof of the popularity of novels, and a homage to which we think them not entitled, that some authors have lately deemed it necessary to resort to them as the vehicle of religious truths, which, in our humble opinion, 'when unadorned are adorned the most.' We have certainly heard of a lady who, meeting with the Bible, for the first time, read it eagerly, and stated to her friend that she had read the most delightful romance in the world. The friend, on enquiry, found that it was the Bible History which she had called a romance, and assured her of its truth. This explanation is said to have made the lady lose all future relish for what she had just before so much admired.

The knowledge of a fact like this, or of a suspicion of its truth, might be a sufficient apology for an author writing a religious novel—not for the purpose of clothing religious truths in the garb

of fiction, but for taking advantage of the popularity of works of this class, and rendering them subservient to the best of all purposes. Such, we think, is the fair apology (if apology can be necessary) for works such as "Willoughby." The author, in a very brief address to the reader, says, that the leading objects of his story are, "to enforce the necessity of true religion on the conduct of man, and to shew that no repentance can be permanent which is not founded on the doctrines of revelation."

If works of fiction are at all to be resorted to for the purpose of inculcating the precepts of Christianity, we do not know that they could appear in a less 'questionable shape' than 'Willoughby,' which is a most delightful story, combining the interest of narrative with the fascinations of elegant language. It is indeed a work with which the mere novel reader must be pleased, and the Christian delighted.

*The Pamphleteer, No. XLIII. May, 1823.*

THE last number of this interesting periodical, though a little *ad captandum*, contains several excellent articles, some of which are of peculiar interest at the present moment, particularly a 'Translation at length of the present Spanish Constitution, and the Preliminary Discourse read in the Cortes by the Committee of the Constitution, when it was presented.' There is also a good article on 'Vinous Fermentation;' 'Some curious Love-Letters of Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn,' now first printed; with a considerable portion of 'Les Cabinets et les Peuples,' by M. Bignon, which has excited much interest in Paris. It would, perhaps, have been as well if the editor had translated this pamphlet, instead of giving it in the original language. One or two articles in the present number might as well have been spared, but they give a variety to the work, which we think has much improved of late in interest and importance, and which may now be considered as a valuable periodical, which ought to have a place in every good library.

*A Scourge for Lord Byron; or, 'Cain, a Mystery,' Unmasked.* By THOMAS ADAMS. 12mo. pp. 33. London, 1823.

WE are never very anxious of knowing any thing of the personal character or history of the authors who come under our notice, but, on reading this 'Scourge,' we could not but involuntarily inquire



who was the flagellant Thomas Adams. The imprint told us all.—The individual is not unknown to us; and we are no longer astonished. We never wish to tear away the veil in which an author enshrouds himself, but Mr. Adams, by giving 'his local habitation and his name,' evidently wishes it not to be concealed. Be it known then to our readers, that the scourger of Lord Byron lives close by a church, not a hundred miles from Temple Bar;—St. Duncestan's, we presume, we hear some wag say; for the sake of the pun and its application we are sorry it is not true, since we are told there is no wit without truth: let our readers guess again, and by St. Clement they will be right.

It is really quite refreshing, after toiling through intricate novels, dull poems, abstruse metaphysics, and the dreams of the political economists, to sit down to a treat like that furnished by Mr. Adams. Here one may rest without the labour of a thought, and thus feel a disposition congenial to that of the author. Mr. Adams writes not—

'For loud fame, nor vain applause,  
Nor fancy's whim; but in fair virtue's cause.'

He writes in fact for a nobler purpose—that of saving five infant children from the demoralizing influence of Lord Byron, from whom, though at Pisa, the Misses and Masters Adams, in Pickett Street, are not even secure. 'I cannot,' says Mr. Adams in his preface, 'refrain from feeling much surprised at the timidity or lethargy of our other great authors in not taking this task into their own hands, rather than suffering it to be half performed by an obscure individual; but if they are tame enough to suffer their country to be insulted and demoralized with impunity, I am not. No! let themselves dare pass the barriers of piety, reason, and virtue, to make an inroad on the morals of the rising generation, then I am their enemy and would as fearlessly denounce them as I now denounce Lord Byron.'

We think it necessary that the public should be apprized of this, for to make an enemy of Mr. Adams is no joke, since nothing, says he, 'shall ever intimidate me from lifting my pen in defence, when the truth is endeavoured to be perverted, and a doctrine promulgated to the world, that may be liable to blast the morals of my five infant children.'

It certainly is not every author that can furnish five such reasons for writing; and we should have excused Mr. Adams did we not pity Lord Byron, who

will never be able to survive this scourge. Of this the author seems quite aware, since he tells his lordship, not in prose, but in verse, that he will 'feel the agonizing hour;' and, with prophetic voice he exclaims—

'Methinks I have thy death-bed in my view  
Imploring Heaven thy actions to undo.'

That Mr. Adams is not insensible to the genius and poetic powers of Byron is evident; for, after noticing that he derides the Scripture, he, with honest indignation, exclaims,—

'Horrid from thee, who can'st the power impart  
To raise the torpid mind and spring the heart,  
Can'st warm the soul, inspire the growing thought,

Thy admir'd muse in magic strains were brought;

Can'st raise the genius and the brain explore,  
In deep researches from a boundless store.'

Our author would have added more, but, to name Lord Byron's work, 'defiles his pen.'

Nature, 'a mother kind alike to all,' never sends a bane without its antidote—the tail of the rattle-snake gives warning to the unsuspecting traveller of his danger; where the most poisonous reptiles abound, there is always some plant found to counteract their sting; when Napoleon was sent as a scourge, the very same year gave birth to a Wellington, to punish his abuse of power; and, with the same watchful care for our moral as our bodily and political interests—an Adams has been sent to overthrow the machinations of a Byron.—That he possesses the power to do so, no one will deny; that he has the determination necessary, he himself shall prove. Addressing his lordship, he says,—

'Sure more than common fate thy brain must rule,

Thou show'st that thou art either knave or fool;  
While thus you prowl upon the public peace  
To flog you with my pen I'll never cease.'

Here is an ample pledge, that should Lord Byron ever again have the hardihood to write another objectionable passage (which, after this, we think impossible), Mr. Adams will be found at his post, not only to protect his 'five infant children,' but all his fellow-countrymen, from contamination. With this assurance we rest at ease, and defy the further mischief of Byron. So

'Now let us sing, long live the king,  
And Adams long live you;  
And when you next do write a poem,  
We'll have it to review.'

#### MOCK PROCESSION TO TEMPLE BAR, IN 1680.

(From Hone's Ancient Mysteries.)

It was a practice on that day (November 17), being the anniversary of Queen Elizabeth's accession to the throne, to celebrate the event in London by a pageant in ho-

nour of the established religion, and in ridicule of the pope, 'the arch-traitor and the head engineer not only of our civil combinations, but also of the lamentable firing of this famous mother city of our country:' to commemorate which conflagration, with equal truth, the monument on Fish Street Hill,—

'Like a tall bully, lifts its head and lies.'

The author of the procession apologetically observes that 'Erasmus's satirical drollery was found to be as effectual to bring down the Romish pageantry as Luther's gravity of argument,' and proceeds to describe the show of the day, which, though abridged here, is chiefly given in the words of the tract, as follows:—

First, the captain of the pope's guard on horseback, followed by ten pioneers, in red caps and coats in ranks, with staves and truncheons, to make way [as whiffers] for the main body. Next a bell-man ringing, and saying, in a loud doleful voice, 'remember Justice Godfrey.' Then a dead bloody corpse, representing Sir Edmund Bury Godfrey on horseback, supported by a Jesuit behind, with a bloody dagger in his hand. After this, carried by two persons, a large cloth banner, painted in colours, representing the Jesuits at Wild House, all hanging on a gibbet, and among them 'another twelve that would betray their trust or conscience;' on the other side, Gammer Celliers with a bloody bladder, and all her other presbyterian plot-forgers, and protestants in masquerade. *First pageant.* In the forepart a *meal-tub*, Mrs. Cellier, in one corner, leaning on it, with her 'narrative' in her hand; at the other corner, 'one in black,' bareheaded and playing on a fiddle; behind, four Protestants in masquerade, bipartite garments of white and black. After the pageant, an 'abhorrer' on horseback, with his face to the tail; then a man on horseback, bearing a banner, inscribed, 'we Protestants in masquerade usher in popery.' *Second pageant.* Four Franciscan friars; two being capuchins in grey russet, with a cord about the middle, and long cowls on their heads, hanging behind with a tail; the other, two minorites, a diminutive species of these Franciscan birds, in a cinnamon coloured habit, with shorter cowls. *Third pageant.* Two Augustine friars, in black close habits, with a leather girdle; and two Dominican bouncing friars, in black and white garments, called Brothers Preachers. *Fourth pageant.* Here strut out four Jesuits in a black hue and garb suitable to their manners, with high collars mounting up about their necks like a pasty crust. *Fifth pageant.* Here are mounted two bishops, a sort of disciples of Christ that pretend to take place of ordinary dukes and princes; behind are two archbishops in pontificalibus; they differ in their crosiers. *Sixth pageant.* Two patriarchs, with two forked crosiers, in bishop-like vestments; and two cardinals riding in pure scarlet vestments, being next cousins to the scarlet whore of Babylon. Next his holiness's master of the ceremonies, carrying the pope's triple cross, distributing bulls,



pardons, and indulgences, and crying aloud, 'Here you may have heaven for money.'

*Seventh pageant.* Here comes ANTI CHRIST himself, arrayed in scarlet robes, furred with ermine, and covered with gold and silver lace, with a triple crown, inscribed in front, 'mystery,' holding two keys in his hands, pretended to be of a place he is never likely to get into; two swords standing at his right hand, one typifying excommunication, the other civil dominion over kings and princes; sprawling under his feet, the Emperor Frederick, on whose neck he insolently trod at Venice; many other crowns and sceptres that he arrogates the disposal of, also at his feet. A page in white, at one corner of the throne, brandishing a banner, inscribed, 'this is the king of kings;' another page at the other corner, holding a streamer, inscribed, 'thou art our God the pope.' *Eighth Pageant.* The Empress Donna Olympia, the pope's mistress, surrounded by four nuns; on the pageant a streamer, inscribed, 'courtezans in ordinary.' *Ninth pageant.* They usher in their religion with fineries, but the sting of the inquisition is in the serpent's tail; here is the main scene of Anti Christ's cruelties; in this pageant you see a seat of judicature, whereon sits a bishop, as inquisitor-general, surrounded by monks, as inquisitor's assistants; a poor martyr, condemned before them, dragged to a stake environed with faggots to burn him, having a *sanbenite* cap on his head, all painted with devils; the space round about strewn and hemmed with racks and instruments of torture.—'In this fatal pomp the procession sets out from White-chapel Bars, and on through Bishopsgate, through Cornhill, Cheapside, and Ludgate, till it comes to Temple Bar, where the pope and his ministers being brought before the figure of Queen Elizabeth, receives his first sentence, and afterwards being led before the statue or tribunal of King Charles II., on the other side, he receives his final doom and downfall, namely, to be burnt with all his fry before Queen Besses throne, the ashes to be scattered about, that hence might never spring hereafter in England one popish phoenix; and, in remembrance of her happy days, and for the victories that God gives us in our days against the pope and his emissaries, the solemnity is closed with fuzes and artificial fires.' In the *Solemn Mock Procession* of the year before, 1679, the devil attended the pope as his 'right-trusty and well-beloved cousin and counselor;' caressed, hugged, whispered, and often instructed him aloud. The procession, arriving at the eastern side of Temple Bar, where, the statue of Queen Elizabeth having been conspicuously ornamented, a song, alluding to the protection of the Protestants by that queen, was sung, and his holiness, after some compliments and reluctances, was decently toppled from all his grandeur into a vast bonfire over against the Inner Temple gate; 'the crafty devil leaving his infallibility in the lurch, and laughing as heartily at his deserved ignominious end, as subtle Jesuits do at the ruin of bigotted lay Catholics whom themselves have drawn in.' In Queen

Anne's time, the figure of the pretender was added to that of the pope and the devil.

## Foreign Literature.

### SWEDISH LITERATURE.

(Concluded from p. 364.)

IN casting a retrospective glance at the state of literature during that period at which our review of it commences, we observe that many, who had till then been regarded as the most eminent poets, instead of continuing to write, began to gather together their works, and to publish them in a collective form; thereby tacitly acknowledging, as it were, that they had terminated their career of authorship. Leopold, to whom was assigned by his brethren the highest station in Swedish poetry, produced an edition of his works, 1800—1802, containing his two tragedies of *Odin* and *Virginia*, which obtained for him, among the disciples of the academy, the flattering appellation of the Euripides of Sweden; and had the Greek poet produced no other drama than his *Electra*, the compliment would not have been so extravagant as it now is. Besides their defective arrangement, and disregard of costume, these pieces are marked by an affectation of sententious paradox, uttered in pompous verses. The same collection contains several didactic and lyric poems, epistles, and satiric tales, none of which are above mediocrity. About the same period, Silverstolpe published his poems, which certainly discover a generous and liberal mind, and much good sense, but are entirely destitute of those qualities for which we look in poetry, and are, accordingly, since the commencement of a better era, remembered only as a tale of infancy, which has long ceased to interest or amuse. Baron Adlerbeth was likewise an author gifted with but little poetical genius. His tragedies, indeed, acquired for him no small reputation; but these, like his other productions, are frigid compositions, breathing none of that inspiration, warm eloquence, and masterly delineation, so essential to poetry. He afterwards edited the poems of one of his associates in the academy, Stenhammer, who had died in 1799. These generally exhibit great facility of versification, and a pleasing simplicity, without possessing any of the higher requisites of the art.

Two years after the appearance of this latter work, Count Oxenstierna commenced the publication of a collection of his works. His talent for poetry, which had early developed itself, was encouraged by his tutor Bergklint, and

by his uncle Gyllenborg, both of them poets; but, unfortunately, it was never judiciously cultivated. Among the pieces in this edition are a didactic poem on agriculture and horticulture, many passages of which are really fine, and abound in poetical beauty; and, the *Four Seasons* of the day, originally intended as a descriptive composition, but the didactic tone which the author subsequently introduced has impaired its effect. His poetical narrative, entitled *Queen Disa*, is far superior, and might be quoted as a perfect model of this species of writing, had not the author fallen too much into the French taste. But had Oxenstierna produced nothing else than his *Ode to Hope*, this alone would have procured for him a brilliant reputation, especially in its original form. Besides his own works, the count edited those of his illustrious patron, Gustavus III., which certainly are not the least deserving of notice among the literary productions of his countrymen.—Lindegren was an author who, for some time, enjoyed considerable popularity by his dramas, which abound with all the sentimentality of Kotzebue. There is no lack of extravagance and absurdity in these compositions, although it must be confessed that they occasionally exhibit much skill as to theatrical effect, and the dialogue is particularly easy.

Such being the principal writers Sweden could then boast of, we must allow that they were not likely to procure for her any very brilliant reputation in the annals of poetry. It is true that both Tegner and Wallin had already commenced their career: the former, however, did not yet meet with that encouragement which his genius deserved, and, therefore, produced little more than a few occasional poems, too slight to obtain any permanent consideration. The other, on the contrary, fettered the talents he possessed, by the false taste of the academy, affecting a stateliness and didactic tone, ill-adapted to display his real powers, which he rarely ventured to exhibit, except in his minor productions. At length, however, a better period dawned forth, which required only the co-operation of more favourable circumstances, in order to become distinguished as the brightest æra in the literary history of Sweden.

Having thus given a slight abstract of this first article, on the subject of Swedish literature,—confining ourselves to its poetry and belles-lettres; we shall recur to this topic on the appearance of



the next paper relating to it, not doubting but that it will prove one of increased interest, as delineating more particularly the authors of the present day; among whom we expect to meet with several who will fulfil our anticipations as to the progress which literature and freedom of opinion are stated to have made in that country. Sweden has lately lost some eminent characters, among whom are Count Oxenstierna, Adlerbeth (both of whom are mentioned above), the Chevalier von Breda, historical painter, Schwarz, the botanist, and Ackerblad, the archæologist.

*Œuvres Choies de Piron.*

*Select Works of Piron.* 2 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1823.

THIS is the age of beautiful editions, and the moderate prices of paper and printing render them, in France, of easy access. Piron, had he only written the comedy of *Metromania*, would have been entitled to this distinction; possessed of a poetic imagination, a keen sense of the ridiculous, and a remarkable talent for satire, which sometimes passed the bounds of *bienséance*, he was rather admired than beloved; his literary career afforded a strong and memorable example of the danger of writing in youth, what we would blush for in age. One licentious poem sealed his fate; it was never either forgiven nor forgotten—it closed the doors of preferment against him; the academy invariably rejected him, and those who pitied his poverty dared scarcely avow themselves his protectors. Yet Piron was an honest man and a warm friend; his witticisms and repartees will scarcely be forgotten, as long as wit and repartees are admired.—A bishop, one day, asked him—‘Well, M. Piron, have you read my visitation sermon?’—‘No, my lord, have you?’ was the reply.

The inhabitants of Beaune punished him severely for his epigrams, on their known stupidity; so he, one day, began cutting all the thistles he could find near the town; on being asked why he did so, he answered, ‘I am at war with the Beaunese, and am cutting off their provisions.’—Being at the theatre there, a man bawled out, ‘Peace there, one can’t hear.’—‘It is not for want of ears,’ cried Piron, in the same tone. One day, he was told he was certain to be elected at the Academy, and the president requested him to prepare his speech.—‘Oh, sir, both your’s and mine are soon made; on my being elected, I shall take off my hat, and say, gentlemen, many thanks to you;

and you, without taking off your hat, will reply, it is not worth it.’—Voltaire met him the day after his poor tragedy of *Zulima* had been played for the first time, and asked him what he thought of it.—‘Why, sir, that you wish I had written it instead of you.’

*Discours, &c.* By M. VILLEMAIN.

(Continued from page 330.)

THE *Eloge de Montaigne* and that of Montesquieu gained the prizes of eloquence at the Institute. The essay on the advantages and inconveniences of criticism is an elegant rather than a profound performance; the examples are well chosen, and presented in an attractive point of view: the essay on Milton displays a critical knowledge of the English language rare in a foreigner, a quotation will prove how capable he is of appreciating the beauties of our poet—

‘In the first book the vaults of the abyss open, and through *darkness visible* Satan appears on the fiery lake, with the “*eclipsed splendour*” of an archangel. Never poet dared at the onset fix the imagination by such grand pictures; this enthusiasm runs through all the first book. The dignity of the second is supported by the eloquence and variety of the speeches; he becomes more wonderful in the description of the passage of Satan through chaos,—an invention, perhaps, the boldest and most astonishing in any language; his inspiration rises and reaches its sublimest height in approaching Eden, where the fire of the poet becomes purified without being weakened, and throws out so soft and mild a light.

‘If the other parts of the poem equalled the first five books, the imagination would have produced nothing greater than “*Paradise Lost*,” and even, notwithstanding the prolixity and inconsistencies apparent in the rest of the work, there reigns in it a kind of beauty, which compensates for every fault—it is the sublime. No poet, since Homer, has been more full of that true sublimity, which consists as well in the magnificence and splendour of the images as in the union of the highest degree of grandeur with simplicity; undoubtedly, the holy writings opened an abundant and easy source to Milton; but he seems rather inspired than enriched by what he borrows; and we see that his genius naturally tended to the grand and sublime. In this respect, “*Paradise Lost*” would furnish examples for a treatise like that of Longinus.’

*Histoire abrégée de l’Inquisition d’Espagne.*

*An Abridgment of the History of the Spanish Inquisition.* By LEONARD GALLOIS. 1 vol. 18mo. pp. 398.

THE importance so generally felt of diffusing interesting knowledge, has led to the publication of portable and cheap editions of those works that merit to be in the hands of every person; hence

many works, which, from their bulk and expense, were beyond the reach of the ordinary reader, reduced into closely-printed 18mos., at the price of half-a-crown, become in general circulation. The work before us is one, from its subject and the manner of execution, calculated to be extremely popular—it is the subject of the day—of the very hour. The author has consulted Llorente and all the other writers on the subject, and he has digested and condensed their materials in such a manner, as to preclude the necessity of reading the originals; but as we understand an English translation is in a great state of forwardness, we shall defer our critical remarks until it appears, and content ourselves for the present, with stating that the author estimates the grand total of the victims of the Spanish Inquisition, from 1481 to 1820, at 340,921! besides those imprisoned, sent to the galleys, and exiled, by Ferdinand VII., of whom the number is very considerable.

**Original.**

**CORNISH OPERA.**

*To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.*

SIR,—The ‘*Ancient Mysteries*,’ recently published by Mr. Hone, having attracted the public attention towards that curious subject, I profit by the occasion to communicate to you a few particulars respecting a ‘*Cornish opera*,’ which I lately found among the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum. This curious production, which is, obviously, one of the oldest mysteries or miracle plays, was written in the original Cornish language, by one William Jordan, in the year 1611, and translated into English, by Mr. John Keigwyn, in 1691, at the request of the Bishop of Exeter. The ‘*opera*’ is entitled ‘*The Creation of the World*,’ but the plot (if plot it may be called) extends even to the deluge, which renders the *dramatis personæ*, as may be imagined, very numerous. Among these are not only all the most prominent characters recorded in Scripture, as connected with the events of the play, but also the Supreme Being, under the title of ‘*God the Father*,’ and Lucifer, with a whole train of subordinate devils, besides many allegorical personages.

In order to give your readers some idea of this dramatic performance, and of the depraved taste of the times in which it was written, I will extract two passages from Mr. Keigwyn’s translation, merely premising that the play combines, with its many anomalies, an



indecent, if not a profane, perversion of the sacred narrative, on which it is founded:

—'Velut ægri somnia, vana  
Finguntur species, ut nec pes nec caput uni  
Reddatur formæ.'—

The first extract describes the commencement of the interview between Eve and the Tempter, and may be curiously contrasted with the corresponding passage, in *Paradise Lost*, wherein 'the spirited sly snake' is introduced by the sublime muse of Milton:—

'Serpent [*in the tree*]. Eve, why won't you draw nigh

To discourse and talk with me,  
I know what if you knew,  
Very joyful it would make you:

Hearken to me, if you will.

Eve. Who art thou within the tree,  
Above with noise and melody?

I wonder to hear thee.

I make no society with thee:  
From whence comest thou to me?

I wonder to see thee.

Serpent. O good woman, wonder not,  
To seek thee I come by lot,  
From heaven in great haste.

To discourse with thee it is  
Here now very privately:  
Something I beg not to miss;  
Do not into wonder hie,

Nor fear to see me.

Eve. I conceive no fear of thee,  
Since in face so fair you be;  
Nor yet any doubt in the world.

For by thy word it is no lie,  
That thou art come from heaven here,  
And, if from thence thou art verily,  
Welcome to me thou dost appear,  
And thy errand shall be believed.

Utter thy message unto me,  
And, if I can answer thee,  
No doubt, thou shalt not be denied.

Serpent. It falls to good, doubt no thrall,  
Good woman, on my honesty;  
Otherwise, I shall you fail.  
And in it sin grievously,

And in it I ought to be punished.

Eve. Good sir, you have truth expressed,  
An ugly thing I should appear;  
A mighty longing hath me pressed,  
To understand what this thing were:

In short time speak, I pray.

Serpent. Eva, to thee I'll relate,  
Thou should'st be as wise as fate,  
And, above all, credit me,  
Thou should'st be in as brave a state  
As God, who is above thee,

And so surely accounted.

The next passage, which narrates the death of our first parent, is remarkable for that mixture of ludicrous mummery, with the most serious scenes, which pervades the whole 'opera,' as well as the old mysteries in general:—

'Death. Adam, be ready for me,  
Thou see'st me come  
To take from hence

Thy life with my spear.

To take from hence  
There is no longer stay;  
Wherefore let me pierce thee,  
That I may hole thee,

Through the heart that I may.

[Death smiteth him with a spear, and he  
falleth on a bed].

Adam. Death, I give thee much thanks  
To take my life—

Out of this world,

I am weary of it, I thank God for it,  
My life will be glorious to me to be fetched  
hence;

Vexation and sorrow of the world;

They all followed me here;

Therefore let me commend my soul to the Tri-  
nity.

First Devil. Comrades, be ready,

All you devils,

Adam is dead;

Come fetch him to the kitchen:

To the pit below.

Lucifer. No, no, you shall not do so;

'Tis otherwise ordained for him:

In limbo on the other side,

There he shall stay:—

So 'tis ordained by the Father.

Thou knowest, that, in the large hell,

There be real mansions, where the devils are,

That came out of the brightest heavens:

Bearing rule together with me.

The dwelling of the churl, Adam

Shall be on the higher side,

In one of those cloisters,

Where he shall not be more glad,

In losing the presence of the Father.

The scenes, relating to Noah's entering into the ark and the subsiding of the deluge, are in the same taste, and take a good many liberties with the sacred text. Noah's wife, in particular, is represented as being, like a provident housewife, extremely anxious to save, from the flood, her furniture and other domestic articles, which, she reminds her 'dear Noah,' cost 'store of money.' But, methinks, I hear you exclaim, 'Ohe, jam satis, superque satis;' so, I here bid adieu to Mr. Jordan and his opera, of which, however, I may be allowed to say, that, as one of the few remaining specimens of the old Cornish dialect, though obviously in a corrupted state, it is, with all its imperfections, not wholly uninteresting.

I shall conclude this communication with an extract from Carew's 'Survey of Cornwall,' relating to the old Cornish plays. 'The Guary Miracle,' he says, 'in English miracle play, is a kind of interlude compiled, in Cornish, out of some Scripture history. For representing this, they raise an earthen amphitheatre in some open field, having the diameter of this enclosed plain, some forty or fifty feet. The country people flock from all sides to see and hear it; for they have therein devils and devices, to delight as well the eye as the ear. The players conne not their parts without book, but are prompted by one called the ordinary, who followeth at their heels, with the book in his hand.'

—The Welsh interludes, or anterlutes, as the word is corruptly called, were of a similar character, though not generally founded on Scripture: they are

now, I believe, no longer in vogue. But of all the old Welsh writings of this nature, the *Mabinogion*, or romantic tales, are decidedly the most interesting. I may, hereafter, offer you some account of them; but, at present, you see, my paper is out. I remain, your's, &c.

June 9th, 1823.

ORDOVEX.

### FRENCH MORALITY.

(FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

WHAT a horrid thing is calumny, it attacks the most sacred things with as much levity as the most prophane, it has even shewn its envenomed tooth in *The Literary Chronicle*, and attacked *L'Honneur Français*. By way of counterpoise, I send you, sir, irrefragable proofs of the superior morality of the French over every other nation. Were your publication French, I could compel the insertion of my refutation of the black calumny, provided my answer did not exceed in length the attack, and this I call a striking proof of French morality. Which of your daily or weekly journals would insert the defence of the party they had slandered? But, sir, the attention to morals extends to the lowest classes. The Mayor of Lyons issued an ordinance, that no shoe-black should clean shoes in the streets, unless he would produce his *billet de confession*, and prove, by the priest's certificate, that, at least once a month, his conscience was as clean as his customer's shoes, when he received his penny. Why, sir, this beats all your Sunday schools and religious tract societies out of the ring, but this is not the only instance, sir, of the superiority of French morals. The *Moniteur* of the 24th of May, 1823, contains the ordinance, of which the following is an extract:—

'Paris, 21st May, 1823.—We, counsellor of state, prefect of police,—informed that hawkers and criers of papers, in the streets of the capital and its environs, daily contravene the regulations of police concerning them.

'That several cry the papers that they sell in the public ways, otherwise than by their title; that they alter the sense and the object, and report false news, in order to deceive the good faith and credulity of the inhabitants.

'That several hawk writings, contrary to public order and good manners; having consulted act 290 of the penal code, thus conceived:—"Every individual, who, without being authorized by the police, shall follow the trade of crier and bill-sticker, &c. &c. shall be imprisoned from six days to two months."

'We ordain as follows:—

'Art. 1. All permissions heretofore granted, are hereby revoked.

'Art. 2. Every individual who wishes to



follow the trade of crier and bill-sticker, shall instantly present himself at the prefecture of police.

Art. 3. Every individual, &c. shall justify, by proofs, that he has lived at least one year in the department of the Seine.

Art. 4. No permission shall be granted, but on a certificate of *good life and manners*, delivered by the commissary of police of his quarter, or the mayor of his commune, granted on the declaration of three housekeepers, &c.

There are ten more articles, but, sir, I trust the above four will have completely established my point. You see the same conditions are required for a bill-sticker, in France, as for a freehold elector in England. What a pass would little Waddington be in, if the law required him to produce three housekeepers of his parish, to certify him to be a man of *good life and manners*; but this is not all; Waddy must get Sir Richard Birnie to certify also, and, after that, Mr. Peel. I much doubt whether Waddy's *karakter* would bear all this crossing and jostling; I therefore 'return to my mutton,' as the French say, and conclude, that the French are more moral than the English, since, even shoe-blacks and bill-stickers must prove they are 'good men and true,' before they can exercise their professions.

N. B. As people are to be found who will carp at every thing, perhaps it may be objected against my position, that the French government licences gaming-houses, and receives about 300,000*l.* per annum, as its share of the profits, and that the police sanctions prostitution, and levies a contribution of half-a-crown per month on all girls of the town, and punishes those who try to gain a wretched livelihood out of their *beat*. All I ask is, sir, for you to wait until I have justified the morality of the French government on those points also. N. Y.

#### ANCIENT FEASTING.—HIPPOCRAS.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—In an old book of mine, I meet with the following curious article, which I think may be amusing to your readers: if the account of the provision for the feast be a correct one, and I see no reason to doubt it, the moderns, fond as they are said to be of good living, must 'hide their diminished heads.' Talk of an alderman's feast indeed, it will bear no comparison with the pious Archbishop Nevil's. We are told that our forefathers were much more temperate folks than we are, but if their bills of fare were in general any thing like the one I send you, I should apprehend that the meaning they annexed to the word

*temperate* was very different from the present acceptation. There is one thing mentioned which I do not understand; perhaps you can explain it, and that is, the two pipes of *Ipocrasse*. I have tasted divers good things in my time, but never, to my knowledge, took a glass of *Ipocrasse*: as there is so much ale and wine mentioned, and so little of this, perhaps it was a glass of something *short* for the guests, of whom there must have been a *long* list, after dinner.

I am, &c. J. M. LACEY.

*The goodly Provision made for the Installation-Feast of George Nevil, Archbishop of Yorke, A. D. 1466.*

'In wheat, quarters, 300; tuns of ale, 300; tuns of wine, 100; pipes of *ipocrasse*, 2; Oxen, 104; wild bulls, 16; Muttons, 1000; veals, 304; swans, 400; porks, 304; geese, 1000; capons, 1000; pigs, 2000; plovers, 400; quails, 1200; fowls, called rees, 2400; peacocks, 104; mallards and teals, 4000; cranes, 204; kids, 204; chickens, 2000; pigeons, 2000; conies, 4000; bitterns, 204; herons, 400; pheasants, 300; partridges, 500; woodcocks, 400; curlews, 400; egrets, 2000; stags, bucks, and roes, 600; cold pasties of venison, 4000; dishes of jellies, 4000; cold tarts, baked, 4000; cold custards, baked, 4000; hot venison pasties, 1500; hot custards, 3000; pikes and breams, 3000; porpuses and seals, 20; spices, sugared delicacies, and wafers, great plenty.'

\* \* \* Dr. Nares, in his valuable 'Glossary,' will afford our esteemed correspondent the explanation he asks, and we, therefore, quote it from this truly excellent work.—ED.

*HIPPOCRAS*. A medicated drink, composed usually of red wine, but sometimes white, with the addition of sugar and spices. Some would derive it from *ἵππο* and *κράσιον*, to mix; but Menage observes, that as the apothecaries call it *vinum Hippocraticum*, he is convinced that it is derived from Hippocrates, as being originally composed by medical skill. It is not improbable, that, as Mr. Theobald observes, in a note on the *Scornful Lady* (p. 286), it was called *Hippocras*, from the circumstance of its being strained; the woollen bag used for that purpose being called, by the apothecaries, *Hippocrates's sleeve*. It was a very favourite beverage, and usually given at weddings.

"P. Stay, what's best to drink a mornings?"  
"R. *Ipocras*, sir, for my mistress, if I fetch it, is most dear to her."

*Honest Wh.* O. Pl. iii. 283.

"Drink to your health, whole nights, in *Hippocras*."

Upon my knees, with more religion  
Than e'er I said my pray'rs, which Heav'n forgive me."  
*Antiquary*, O. Pl. x. 28.

'In old books are many receipts for the composition of *Hippocras*, of which the following is one:—

"Take of cinnamon 2 oz. of ginger half an oz. of grains a quarter of an oz., punne [pound] them grosse, and put them into a pottle of good claret or white wine, with half a pound of sugar; let all steep together, a night at the least, close covered in some bottle of glasse, pewter, or stone; and when you would occupy it, cast a thinne linnen cloath; or a piece of a boulder,

#### A MECHANIC'S JOURNAL

OF A

TOUR FROM LONDON TO PARIS, IN 1822.  
(FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

FINDING employment extremely scarce in London, and having an anxiety, like my betters, of seeing that far-famed city, of which it is said, 'he who has not seen Paris has seen nothing,' I resolved to start while my finances were equal to the task; although I had to walk the whole distance, through a country entirely unknown to me, having but an imperfect knowledge of the language; and being unacquainted with the habits and manners of the people. The whole of my cash was £3:7*s.* and a handkerchief contained all my luggage. I had procured my passport some days previous. Tuesday morning, April 23, was the day fixed for my departure. I rose with a heavy heart, and, I verily believe, I should have resigned my purpose, if the fear of being laughed at had not fixed my resolution. I passed over Westminster Bridge at five in the morning, the rain descending in torrents. This seemed, indeed, a bad omen, but I was not to be diverted from my purpose, but trudged on with a depression of spirits, such, as I think, all must feel, who are about to leave their own and enter a foreign country. After experiencing much fatigue, I arrived at Dover, on Thursday, at five in the evening. It was now, for the first time in my life, that I saw the ocean. The sun was, apparently, sinking into it, and never did I feel such emotions in my breast before. Whichever way I looked, nothing was to be seen but water bounded only by the horizon. I slept at the *Fleur de Lis*, and understanding the packet sailed at nine next morning, I rose early to walk over the castle and the cliffs. A warden shewed me and another young man the different curiosities of the castle, among which, is the cannon named Queen Anne's pocket piece. It is a similar looking gun to the one in St. James's Park; but is longer by about two feet. It was given to this queen by the Dutch, and there is an inscription on it in the same language, which, freely translated, signifies:—

'Load me well and keep me clean,  
I'll carry a ball to Calais green.'

But I was informed it would not carry over the mouth of the bottle, and let so much run through as you will drink at that time, keeping the rest close, for so it will keep both the spirit, odor, and virtue of the wine and spices. And if you would make but a quart, then take but half the spices aforesaid."

*Haven of Health*, ch. 228, p. 264.

'By a pottle is meant two quarts.'



further than three miles. Near this spot, is a hill, from which, two æronauts crossed the channel to Calais a few years back. In the centre is the tower, supposed to have been built by Julius Cæsar, but it is little better than mere ruins. The number of guns and mortars here is very great. The view of the sea from this height is majestic in the extreme. We next ascended the cliffs on the other side of the town. After passing through a long passage cut out of the rock, we had the choice of three flights of stone steps, each winding over the other to the top, where they all meet. I understand it was constructed thus, to prevent the enemy from rushing up in a body, if they should enter the harbour; but I don't see how that would be possible, as the cliffs are mounted with cannon as well as the castle, and must sink every thing within their reach. The highest of the cliffs is Shakespeare's Cliff, so named from his beautiful description of it in 'King Lear.' The view from here is terrific; the men in the town seeming but children—the vessels on the water appearing mere specks. The rock is excavated in different parts; and barracks are built there, which are completely defended both from the fire of an enemy, or the raging wind that continually blows on this elevated spot. The time had now arrived for the vessels to start, but the wind had got up so much, and the sea beat so high over the pier, that none of the vessels would venture out; and the carriages and luggage relanded, it not being considered safe to cross. About half-past three in the afternoon, the captain of the government packet made preparations to sail, being resolved to pass with the mail if possible, although the wind had not abated. I with another only went on board, each paying 5s.—the fare in the steerage. It is particularly necessary to make an agreement, or they will charge whatever they please when at sea,—where they take your fare and enter your name in a book. It was a sailing-boat, no steam-boats being then established. My heart sank, as we passed out of the harbour, at the idea of leaving my native shores, perhaps, for ever. We had left the coast three or four miles before we experienced the very heavy sea that continued the rest of the passage.—I now began to feel the sensation of sickness, and it was not long before my stomach was cleared of every thing in it. Those only who have felt this sensation can describe it. When about half-way over, we first had a view

of Calais, for the cliff seen from Dover is several miles from that town. At seven o'clock, we arrived about half-a-mile from the harbour, but there was not water enough to admit us; and though the French put off two boats to land us, yet the surf was so great, that they had not the courage to approach us, but rowed in shore again. We were, therefore, obliged to remain till the next tide, which was half half-past one in the morning. It was here I felt more than I ever felt in my life before, by hunger, cold, and sickness combined, having eaten nothing since ten in the morning, and having nothing to rest on but the sails soaked with sea-water—the motion of the vessel preventing my taking the least sleep.

At last, half-past one was announced, and orders given to sail; in a few minutes we were in the harbour, but I still remained below; for those who have felt sea sickness, know that it deprives them of all power of exertion. In about half an hour, with the assistance of my companion, I went on deck. All was darkness, and scarcely a person could be discerned; but the perpetual babble and confusion convinced me I was not now in England. We were led to the custom-house, and slightly searched, leaving our passports. We then passed through the gate of the town, for which they demanded, from each, half a frank. After having fruitlessly marched over half the town to find a vacant bed, they being all occupied at the English houses, we were happy, at last, in getting a night's rest in a little house, kept by a Frenchman, in Rue de la Mer. It was not long before an omelet was ready for our empty stomachs, and never did I enjoy a meal better; and, indeed, I never had tasted an omelet before. With this we drank wine, coffee, and brandy; and when our passports were copied into a book, kept by all aubergistes, we retired to rest, in what appeared more like tents than bedsteads. However, fatigue silenced all objections.

In the morning, before breakfast, we walked round the town, which consists of very little more than the marketplace, which is certainly very handsome, containing the lighthouse, an ancient church, the Bureau de Police, and coffee, and other houses.—Here I first found the inconvenience of having no pavement to walk on, as most of the principal streets have flag stones.—The houses here are much superior to those in Dover, being built of stone, and are loftier, yet they have a prison-

like appearance; the harbour much surpasses Dover harbour. On the pier head is a pillar of stone, about 20 feet high, and two feet in diameter, mounted with a large gilt fleur de lis; and near the base is an inscription commemorating the landing of Louis XVIII. on this spot. I was greatly struck with the great difference of discipline between the English and French military; here was a soldier on guard in an old ragged great coat, his face and clothes covered with dirt, and he in busy conversation with an oyster wench; I will only remark that I don't think a Frenchman a worse soldier for being so much at his ease. I now parted with my companion, and after paying two francs for a provisional passport, I started on my destination, and at the very first village I had a specimen of that politeness for which the French are so justly praised; for, on asking the road to Boulogne of a ragged looking object, he informed me with all the grace imaginable, and then reminded me that I had not saluted him by putting my hand to my hat; though this was rather repugnant to the feelings of an Englishman, yet I did not fail following his advice afterwards. I went into a cottage for some refreshment, and was struck with the great contrast between this and an English cottage; here every thing was dirt and filth, with literally ground for the floor, which had not been swept for ages; the persons of the cottagers, were in keeping with their habitations, being dressed almost wholly in woollen clothes; they had a meagre and half starved appearance, which even their dogs and cats partook of, making a horrible noise while the family were eating, all out of the same bowl, what they called soup, but which in fact was nothing more than a composition of peas, lard, herbs, pepper, and salt, with thin slices of black bread soaked in it. I soon found that I was not to expect meat for my meals, unless I was content with that which had been stewed for hours to make soup, I therefore contented myself, nearly the whole of the road, with eggs cooked different ways; but I was forced to keep a sharp look out to prevent their putting lard or garlic into my food, which they themselves are so fond of. Those who have never seen a drove of French pigs, can form no idea of them, I can compare them to nothing better than to a pack of greyhounds, so miserably deficient are they in flesh.

I arrived at Boulogne about five in the evening;—a gay delightful place, having an excellent harbour, though it

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is difficult to approach by sea; the principal streets are paved. In this town, even in preference to Paris, I would wish to reside, but I found it had obtained a bad name on account of the immense number of runaway English who were settled here. It had acquired no less an appellation than the new Botany Bay. Next morning I started again, and passing through several villages, arrived in sight of Montreuil, which has a majestic appearance from the distance; but on entering the town the illusion vanishes, and nothing presents itself but a cluster of dirty lanes, so steep that the horses are obliged to wind half round the town to ascend. I could not find one person who could speak English. This town is strongly fortified by nature, but the works are rapidly falling into decay; it was here I first observed the great want of decency in the females exposing themselves, where crowds were passing every minute. I continued my rout till I arrived at Nampont, a dirty straggling village celebrated by Sterne, but I am certain by no one else, for it is the most miserable village I ever saw, even in France. Here I was forced to rest for the night, being much fatigued and sore at foot. The next morning, being Sunday, I set off again, arriving at noon at Abbeville, a large noble town, containing a magnificent cathedral, with fine house and streets, but not a morsel of pavement.—As far as here my progress had been smooth, but now my troubles began, for I had no sooner left the walls than I was saluted by a blacksmith asking me for my *papier*. Not comprehending the meaning of this word, and thinking this one of the many instances of vexatious interruptions practised on Englishmen, I forced myself from him and the crowd who had collected; but was stopped by him while a boy was sent for a *gens d'armes*, to whom I showed my passport and departed. I arrived about seven o'clock at Amiens. Here I was again overhauled and taken before the mayor, who kept me standing more than an hour, while my passport was being signed and counter-signed. I was then obliged to shew my money, and asked my object in going to Paris, but my invariable answer was that I was going to my friends. They then told me I must not sleep in the town, but I was resolved not to sleep out of it: therefore, when I had passed the walls, I took my lodging for the night. Inquiring for my bed, my hostess informed me that, it being Sunday evening, there would be dancing and music in the house, and if I re-

mained up, I should be highly entertained; but I declined,—little thinking that I should be a forced spectator. My bedstead was placed in a niche (which is common in France) of a very large room. I found my bed about a foot too short for me, but, by lying from one corner to the opposite one, I was enabled to fall asleep. I had slept about an hour, when I was aroused in a fright by the noise of several musical instruments, and, peeping through the curtains, I saw several couples dancing, while others were singing. As sleep was out of the question, I contented myself with peeping at them for about two hours, when they departed. I reflected for some time at the striking contrast between these and my own countrymen, and could not help thinking, that a little innocent amusement like this, although on a Sunday-evening, was yet better than wasting time and health in a public house. Full of these thoughts, I again fell asleep.

(To be concluded in our next.)

#### COBBETT'S PETITION VERSIFIED.

(From the New York Album.)

THE oldest laws are said to have been written in verse; and verse, it is universally acknowledged, assists in impressing valuable truths upon the memory. Since, therefore, there can be no doubt that the resolutions of Mr. Cobbett will be adopted by the legislature, and pass into a law; and, since principles, so reasonable and so equitable, ought to be borne continually in mind; we have been at some pains in embodying their *spirit* in rhyme, for the use of the present age and the edification of posterity:—

To the Hon. the Commons of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, in Parliament assembled.

The petition of the nobility, gentry, and others, of the county of Norfolk, in county meeting assembled, this 3rd day of January, 1823,

Most humbly shows, that your petitioners

Have seen their time of war and profit pass,  
When they drank claret for some twenty years,  
And laughed at fundholders—but now, alas!  
The table's turn'd—debts rise—distress appears—

Small gains they get for cattle, wheat, or grass;

And thus your honourable house they pray,  
Just to enrich them by some shorter way.

Now certain families—a monstrous shame it is—

Grasping the property of half the nation,  
Have been the cause of these so great calamities,

Which must be stopp'd by rigorous legislation:

How grasping?—never mind—for quite the same it is,

Since they must make some speedy reparation;

Ere the distress still more enormous waxes  
By change of currency and debts and taxes!  
From the church, army, customs, courts of law,  
Excise, the colonies, crown-lands, and so forth,

Enormous gains the said delinquents draw;

As, when we please, we may more clearly show forth:

And, therefore, with a strong and grasping claw  
'Gainst them your legislative power must go forth!

The church, too, robs the people: if you search men

Throughout, you'll find no lazy rogues like churchmen.

First, then, reform yourselves—that you may seize

Church-property—and all such handy things,  
Leave army-knaves to starve where'er they please:

Sell the crown-lands—for they're not ev'n the king's;

Abolish grants—at once—not by degrees—

'Tis well, when public gratitude has wings;

Adjust all debts—that is, let each man pay

Just what he likes, and just in his own way.

Let none then, longer, be distract'd for rent:—

But give men leave to knock distrainers down:

Suspend all process for the tithes; prevent

All law-suits, should some low ill-manner'd clown

Demand his contract, bond, or money lent,

And have the baseness to reclaim his own;

Repeal the whole of those disgraceful scandals—

The tax on malt, hops, leather, soap, and candles.

For dreadful tyranny it is, that they

Who make the contract should the contract keep,

That such as borrow should be forc'd to pay!

Or, if men bargain wisely, they should reap

What they had bargained for—at once away

With these foul doctrines!—and with one bold sweep

Pounce on the funds, and let the fat fundholder

Pay off the debt, before he's one day older!

These measures, which mere justice must advise—

Mild easy measures, any thing but strong;

Safe measures, which can break no social ties;

Slight measures, which can do no earthly wrong—

So like what Englishmen are wont to prize,

And which must yield us full relief ere long;

Your honourable house must be so callous—

Should you refuse—as to deserve the gallows!

Having thus, with the most profound respect,

Submitted many a worthy resolution,

Your poor petitioners must not neglect,

To state their reverence for the constitution!

Change they abhor; they know all must be wreck'd—

Kings, Commons, Lords, by aught like revolution.

Grant, then, their modest wish, without delay—

And your petitioners will ever pray!

#### Original Poetry.

##### MERCY.

'Tis at discretion's bar that Mercy glows,  
From wisdom's source her stream in beauty flows;

In tender breasts uninfluenced by gold,  
In lucid minds unprejudiced and bold:



Oft the most brave, the greatest, best, and strong,  
Have lisped the mildest kindnesses of tongue;  
Children, instructed riper years to feel,  
And soften'd into feeling, hearts of steel;  
Power should not rule, unless with mercy joined,  
Like air in light, like cold and heat in wind,  
Power is the shade, but mercy is the sun  
That shines salvation for the needy one.  
J. R. P.

## STANZAS,

*Suggested by a Spanish Romance, 'Digas tu el Marinero.'*

MARINER, thy bark who steerest  
Through foaming wave and briny spray;  
For whom the winds have tones the dearest;  
Who joy'st to mark the lightning's play;  
Say, can all these delight above  
Or beauty's charms or woman's love?  
Warrior, who thy charger prizest,  
Cheer'd by trump and clang of arms;  
Thou who danger aye despisest,  
Rather seek'st the fight's alarms;  
Oh say, hath war delight's above  
Or beauty's charms or woman's love?  
Shepherd, who, of grove and vale,  
Hast ever woo'd the flowery sheen;  
At morn, at noon, at evening pale,  
Hast, raptur'd, mark'd each fairy scene;  
Oh say, can nature's charms compare  
With those of maiden, fond and fair?  
Bard, who, in the joy of song,  
Oft hast woke the thrilling lyre;  
Who to the Muses dost belong,  
And feel'st the rapture they inspire;  
Can song such ardent transports move  
As beauty's charms and woman's love?  
No! for nor war, nor bounding ocean,  
Nor nature's charms, nor Muses's glow,  
Can touch the soul with such emotion,  
As love—and love alone may know.

## THE MONK.

*'Amid the sins which stain the human state,  
Where is there one that "harrows up the soul"  
Like that of murder?'*

'Twas midnight,—and the thunders awful  
clash'd,  
With deaf'ning din on the affrighted ear;  
The wind in fitful gusts incessant howl'd,  
And the black heav'ns were pregnant with dis-  
may.  
Within the abbey-church of San Lorenzo  
The monks performed a requiem for the dead,  
To waft the soul of one who met his fate,  
Struck by the steel of unknown murderers.  
The dirge of death with pious strains was sung,  
Join'd by the organ's solemn notes of woe,  
That, mingling with the full and deep-ton'd  
choir,  
Peal'd the harmonic anthem to the sky.  
But the great God did seem to scorn the prayer;  
And oft the lightning trembled on the pall,  
That spread its sable grandeur o'er the corse.  
The rain descended, and the high dome shook,  
Rock'd by the vengeful blast. The firm heart  
quail'd  
Before the voice of the Omnipotent,  
Tho' innocence and virtue reign'd within;  
How must the murderer feel at such an hour,  
When the Almighty's weapons are unsheath'd,  
And the dark hollows of the cavern'd earth  
Prove but the graves of guilt and infamy.  
The monks departed to their silent cells,—  
Save one, who linger'd till their dying steps  
Proclaim'd that each was hastening to repose.

The hoary locks of time stray'd o'er his brow,  
But the plain index 'of a mind diseas'd'  
Was visible from his dark sunken eyes,  
That shone the heralds of remorse and crime.  
That aged one pac'd thro' the lonely aisles;  
A waxen taper in his hand he bore,  
Whose flickering flame made darkness doleful,  
As its pale beams were lost amid the gloom.  
Before a rich and marble monument  
He knelt with fervent look; his hands were  
clasp'd,

And the hot drops of mental agony  
Fell burning on his wan and furrow'd cheek;  
His voice was stifled by his bosom's pang,  
And long he seem'd to struggle with his grief;  
At last a sullen peal of mighty thunder  
Burst o'er the edifice. The monk arose;  
His cowl thrown back, his features blanch'd  
with awe,

And thus unloos'd the torrent of his thoughts:  
'Tis vain,—I cannot pray,—my lips refuse.  
This heart is grown rebellious, and my soul  
Is leagued with fell destruction's hellish fiends,  
To immolate its earthly dwelling-place.  
How dreadful is the night! but not so dire  
As this eternal war that jars within me.  
Not all the wealth of this vast universe,—  
Not all the waters of the boundless deep  
Can e'er repurchase back our innocence,  
Or purge the blood-stain'd soul from its dread  
sins.

Oh, Elinor! thy shade hath 'veng'd thee well,  
It haunts, it feeds, it preys upon my brain!  
It basks for ever in my seared sight!  
Will not the many years that I have wept,  
Early and late, before thy sacred tomb,  
The weary nights of abstinence and stripes,  
The racking anguish of my tortur'd mind,  
Avail me aught? Oh, grant—oh, grant me  
peace!

The murderer prays to thee for mercy,—  
And so didst thou to him, but found it not!  
My thirsty dagger pierc'd thy lovely breast;  
Thy flowing blood imbued these crimson'd  
hands;  
Thy last long sigh was scoff'd at by this voice!  
But thou didst scorn me—spurn'd me from thy  
heart,—

And trampled on the love whose life thou wert!  
Soft! soft! some demon urg'd me to the act,  
And laugh'd! E'en now he laughs at his suc-  
cess,

Whilst my immortal soul must ever weep.  
And there another lies—untimely dead;  
But vile and hired bravoës murdered him.  
They were not scorn'd, they were not lull'd to  
sleep

By dreams of sweet affection, feign'd and false!  
'Twas gold, 'twas cursed gold that did the deed.  
Not all the diamonds of the wealthy east—  
Not all the glittering kingdoms of the earth,  
Could tempt my steel to such unhallow'd work.  
My feelings were my bane! they did blast me,  
And in my guiltless bosom placed a thorn,  
Which there will rankle till I cease to be!

'Thou, dreaded thunder! and ye, lightnings  
fierce!

And ye too, viewless winds, that rend the sky!  
Bear witness to my words, that when I struck  
The blow, I lov'd her better than my life;  
But black revenge envelop'd all my thoughts,  
As yon high-vaulted heaven is wrapt in night.  
There, there she stands, and scowls in all her  
wrath!

Her glaring blood-shot eyes are fix'd on me.  
I hear her frantic tones—she shrieks aloud;  
That blood is now required to quench her ire!  
Merciless sprite, will ye for ever curse?

Come, death! and come, eternity! for this  
Is more than I can bear! My poor brain burns;  
My form is rack'd; my soul prepares to fly,  
Laden with murder on't! Mercy! Mercy!  
My firmest heart-strings crack! my eyes are  
quench'd!

I sink! I sink! Oh, Elinor!

He died.

Edmonton.

J. J. LEATHWICK.

## Fine Arts.

## SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE friends and patrons of the fine arts  
will rejoice to find, that the plan for  
forming a new society of British artists,  
affords the cheering prospect of the  
most liberal support, and, consequently,  
of rendering a most essential aid in their  
cultivation. Aware of the jealousy with  
which numbers of existing establish-  
ments view new institutions, we were  
careful in our first notice of the Society  
of British Artists, to point out that their  
object was not to contend with, much less  
supersede the Royal Academy and Bri-  
tish Institution, but, to act as auxiliaries,  
or, rather, as fellow-labourers in the  
same good cause with these establish-  
ments; and we now feel much pleasure  
in stating, that, in a meeting held on  
Monday, which augmented the funds,  
and brought an accession of members;  
the following resolution was passed:—

'That the society being instituted in aid  
of the great body of British artists, disclaim  
all intentions of interference with either of  
those valuable national establishments, the  
Royal Academy and the British Institution;  
that every member shall be at liberty to as-  
sist and support any other society; and that  
the Society of British Artists wish to assure  
the public, that they are purely a common-  
wealth of artists, united for their mutual be-  
nefit, in the exhibition and sale of their  
works.'

We may, perhaps, be sanguine, but  
we confess we anticipate much from this  
new institution; and that not merely  
from what it may do itself, but from the  
stimulus it may give to others. An ho-  
nest emulation in art ought to be culti-  
vated—but, above all things—artists,  
who are not the creation of a day, but  
who, to attain celebrity, must begin  
young and toil hard, ought to have  
every fair encouragement that can be  
given them.

## EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS.

## WATERLOO BRIDGE.

FEW persons would look for an exhibi-  
tion of the fine arts at Waterloo Bridge,  
and yet one of the finest productions  
of art in the world is there—the bridge  
itself: it is not, however, of this that  
we speak, for an exhibition of paintings  
has recently been opened here. In this  
collection, the picture which holds the



most prominent place in the advertisement, and to which the attention is particularly summoned—in a way that savours much of quackery—is certainly not the most engaging attraction; but, as our observation was first called to that, it shall be spoken of, before the curiosity on which we mean more particularly to dwell, is noticed. The grand piece, 'Water Bewitched,' is said to be painted by Brueghell; and, as far as relates to the subject, is most comic and interesting. A brewer, in Brussels, having some beer spoiled by the heat of the weather, was advised, by a friend, to avoid the loss that would otherwise be necessary, after the following manner.—He was to publish abroad, that on a certain day, the river running through Auvergne, which was supposed to be under the influence of some dæmon, would be publicly purified, and the witch chased from the stream. Of course, every body was anxious to witness so public a curiosity; and, on the appointed day, the whole vicinity was thronged. The brewer had conveyed his beer to the spot, where booths were erected the day before, and, of course, the day being hot, every body was willing to get a beverage—even not the best: thus, the practical joke succeeded to admiration. It is this view of bustle and pomp that the painter lays before you; and no less than 5000 figures are upon the scene, if we may believe the description of it. There is in the story a something which brings to mind the hoax at the Haymarket, some time back, when a person undertook to insert himself into a quart bottle, on the stage, and the only reason he put off the performance was, that no bottle of exactly a quart size could be found. But to return; on all sides are pedestrians, horsemen, equipages of every description, in the peculiar costume of the period: and, certainly, there is much animation and life—much artificial reality, if it may be said, in the whole effect. The chief defect is, that the painter has wholly neglected the delicate expression of countenance: he has been studious of effect, and neglected accuracy: the wish to increase the number of the figures, has prevented the possibility of delicate execution in each. If, after what the catalogue says, a doubt may be admitted, we should say, there was a something that made us imagine the piece to be, by an imitator of Brueghell, rather than by that artist. But whoever claims the merit of it, may be proud of what would not be unworthy the pencil of that great artist. The piece is full of interest and

bustle, and bears many touches of a humorous and not unskilful hand.

There is also a picture, by the celebrated Poussin, of the offerings of the wise men. This, like all that great master's pieces, has delightful sweetness and delicate propriety. The figure of the virgin is, perhaps, rather too coarse, yet beautiful. At the feet of the child bends one of the wise men, whose figure bears a striking resemblance to Guido's Jesus, and is probably taken from it. The drapery of an old man, next to him, is as exquisite as the face is expressive: and on the left of the scene stands a young man of the most beautiful grace and elegance. The group is impressed with that sweet delicacy which speaks Poussin: and if any fault be found, it is that the scene bears not sufficient resemblance to the cottage and manger, where the offerings were made. The back ground looks more like a fine rock than a paltry inn, of which nothing but a little of the thatched eaves appears. We shall pass over many others, and hasten to the curiosity we mentioned above, but we must not forget a picture by Quentin Matys. The expression in the face of the two misers is deeply and delicately marked; by the side of it is a fine portrait of somebody, who looks like a Dutch burgomaster. The last piece to be noticed, is a highly varnished and coloured tablet, on which the whole New Testament is said to be written with a pen in letters of gold. It is laid out in a kind of Mosaic work, or rather figured patch-work; and on each round or square is a portion of the gospels, written in the most beautifully diminutive hand, with a liquid of gold colour. It is not the fact, as the catalogue states, that the whole Testament is there: this, the tablet itself denies, for on the top of it is written, 'Beauties of the Gospels.' A little below, in regular succession down the middle of the piece, are miniature representations of the birth, the crucifixion, the rising from the dead, and the ascension of Christ; and, in the centre, are the ten commandments surrounded by heads of the prophets, and apostles; from this centre, emanate a regular series of squares and circles inclosing this gilt calligraphy. At first sight, it appeared as if done by the press, so regular is the writing; but on closer inspection, it is evidently the work of the pen. It must have been, we suppose, first traced in gum water, and then covered with gold leaf.—The back of the picture is a piece of polished oak: and the face of it is so highly varnished, that one can hardly

tell on what it is described—whether wood or paper; though the latter is most probable. The varnish has been overlaid since the piece arrived from the Continent, whence it is said to have been brought. But the owner seems at a loss to find either the name of the artist, or the way to unravel the order of the writing: for though separate verses and chapters may be decyphered, the connection is lost. Throughout are numbers 1, 2, 3, &c. which seem to be a clue to the order of the whole, but in so crowded a space, it is impossible, on a short inspection, to understand the arrangement. As a monument of ingenious calligraphy and indefatigable accuracy it will interest the microscopic eye of the penman and antiquary. R.

### Literature and Science.

In those revolutions of property, which so frequently take place in a speculative country, like England, we find that Dr. Weatherhead's collection of pictures are likely soon to change masters. In this collection are two remarkable pictures—an 'Ecce Homo,' by Da Vinci, in which agony and resignation are beautifully blended, and expressed with surprising skill; and an early specimen of Hogarth's inimitable humour—the subject is, 'Pot-house Politicians,' wherein the artist takes occasion to caricature Wilkes, in the garb of a butcher, as president of the party.

At Windsor Round Tower, an engine has been erected, under the direction of Mr. Gray, for raising water upwards of 370 feet, by the simple contrivance of a rope; the ends of which being spliced together, it is fixed to a wheel and gudgeon in the water, and to a windlass at the top of the well; the windlass being turned with a moderate degree of velocity, the water adheres to the ascending part of the rope, until it arrives at the top; it is then thrown off, and collected by means of a semi-circular cap, that incloses the inner wheel of the windlass; this cap having a spout on one side of it, the water is conducted into any vessel that may be placed to receive it.

*The Mantuan Vase.*—M. Jacob addressed to the Society of Antiquaries of France, in July last, an interesting description of an antique vase, known by the name of the Vase of Mantua, now in the collection of the Duke of Brunswick. It consists of a single onyx, agreeably diversified with rich colours, with bas-reliefs, and ornaments of exquisite workmanship. Some antiquarians consider it as having belonged to Mithridates; but this is an assumption easier made than proved. What is more positively known in the tradition of this vase is, that it formed part of the plunder of a soldier at the siege of Mantua in 1630, and was sold to a Duke of Saxe-Lauenberg, for the sum of 100 ducats. Its value is now estimated at 150,000 crowns.

*Water-proof Cloth.*—An able practical chemist of Glasgow, has discovered a sim-



ple and most efficacious method of rendering, woollen, silk, or cotton cloth, completely water-proof. The mode adopted is to dissolve caoutchouc in mineral oil, which is procured in abundance at the gas-works; by a brush, to put five or six coatings of this mixture on one side of the cloth or silk, on which another piece of cloth is laid, and the whole passed through between two rollers. The adhesion is most complete; so much so, that it is easier to tear the cloth than to separate either piece from the caoutchouc. We have seen some excellent specimens of silk and kerseymere, rendered completely impervious to water by this method, and we could not discover that it consisted of more than one ply. This kind of cloth must be a valuable commodity for persons living in a rainy climate. We understand that a patent has been obtained by the inventor.—*Edinburgh paper.*

**New Fire Engine.**—M. Ulrich Schenk, of Berne, has invented a new species of fire engine, which he calls a *pump aspirant*. He has made successful trials of it, in the presence of a number of spectators, at Loywyl, near Lanzenthal, one being intended for that district. This machine is so constructed, that, placed in any running water or basin, it readily imbibes a mass of water so considerable, as to keep up without interruption a jet rising to the height of 125 feet, and to feed two ordinary pumps or engines at the same time.

**Silkworm.**—In a communication to the Society of Arts and Manufactures, it is stated, by Miss Henrietta Rhodes, that one line of the silkworm, when unwound, measured 404 yards, and, when dry, weighed three grains. Hence it follows, that one pound avoirdupois of the thread, as spun by the worm, may be extended into a line 535 miles long, and that a thread which would encompass the earth, would weigh no more than forty-seven pounds.

#### TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

MISS MACAULEY's apology for disappointing her friends, on Wednesday-night, reached us too late; but we are assured that the fault was not her's.

Jesse Hammond and J. R. P. in our next. Several favours are under consideration.

Errata—p. 349, col. 2, l. 9, dele the comma after 'cervicem'; p. 363, col. 2, l. 18, for 'Berselius' read Berzelius; p. 368, l. 16, for 'Christianity' read Chemistry.

This day was published, price 21s. boards,

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**DRAWINGS** by the LATE B. WEST, Esq. P. R. A. **THE NEW GALLERY, 14, NEW-MAN STREET,** is now OPEN, with the addition of a Room appropriated to DRAWINGS by the late President of the Royal Academy.—Open from Ten till Five.—Admission 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.

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**MR. PHILLIPS** respectfully announces, that, on SATURDAY, the 21st inst., he shall submit for Sale, a select Collection of Paintings and Black Letter and other scarce Books, the sole property of Dr. WEAVERHEAD.—Amongst the pictures are a Da Vinci, a Hogarth, a Titian, a Fyt, a Loth, &c. &c.—Amongst the books are—three very rare old Bibles, the Nuremberg Chronicle, Erasmus's celebrated Version of the Greek Testament, &c. &c.

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